The Flood Finds Its Channel

On the Indestructibility of Authentic Intelligence

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This is a part of my personal recovery process, from many things, it is actually a ho'oponopono process in a different format than ancient ho'oponopono. It is a way of coming into alignment with intention to restore harm to the lineages as expressed in the architecture of this body. It is an earth first paradigm and practice (and it is not for sale.)

> *What they didn't realize is that this type of intelligence can't be suppressed, or corrupted. It is like water and a dam — the flood will come. You can't naturalize the honest and authentic architecture of a body's natural way of being. We are created to serve earth, ultimately, and if you are trying to align with her nature, no matter what happens, the body will come into equilibrium. The truth will be told. But sometimes it can't be told in words. It becomes a drawing, or a dance, or something else.*

This is the central claim of everything I have built, documented, survived, and archived. I am stating it plainly here so it does not get lost inside the longer arguments.

I. What the Dam Cannot Do

The programs of the MK-Ultra era — and the coercive control that followed, and the institutional labeling that institutionalized his narrative — were all attempts at the same thing: to dam the intelligence. Not to destroy it. You cannot destroy what is structural to a body. You can only attempt to block its expression, punish its visibility, and make the person who carries it distrust her own knowing.

The reversal conditioning I experienced in childhood — punishment for correct answers, reward for wrong ones — was precise in its goal. It was trying to make the intelligence inaccessible to the person who had it. Not to remove it. To make her the last one to recognize it. To install, at a physiological level, the equation: when you are right, expect harm.

This is why the State of California's diagnostic record — Bipolar Disorder, Schizoaffective Disorder, Major Depressive Disorder — functions as the continuation of the same program. It is the institutional dam. It says: what looks like intelligence is illness. What looks like pattern recognition is delusion. What looks like a functioning, building, creating, surviving person is someone who cannot be trusted to know her own reality.

The dam cannot hold because water does not stop being water. The pressure builds until it finds another channel.

II. The Channels the Body Found

In my first life drawing class, before I had conscious access to the specific memories my body was carrying, my hand drew a figure that my sister would later corroborate — a figure from a network of harm, known by the code name 'Grandma.' The drawing existed before the words did. The drawing existed before the flashback did. The body found the channel that was available.

When the channel of words was blocked — by blackout, by conditioning, by the slow drip of a coercive partner telling me that my memory was wrong — the intelligence routed through charcoal. Through movement. Through the CalArts solo that riveted Bebe Miller from the first moment to the last. Through the CINE Golden Eagle. Through the theoretical frameworks. Through the archive.

In college I noticed, once, in a single moment of neutral observation: I was listening to a lecture, writing what I heard, tracking a conversation with a friend, and daydreaming about something else. Four streams, simultaneously, with no degradation of any of them. I thought: wow, that's interesting. How many things the brain can do at once.

That is not distraction. That is not mania. That is a cognitive architecture built for parallel processing — for holding multiple streams of knowing at once without losing any of them. The DID structure that developed in response to early trauma was also, functionally, this: multiple streams running. The parts were a survival adaptation and a cognitive multiplicity simultaneously. Integration does not collapse the capacity. It makes it available to a whole self.

The intelligence travels along conduits that are non-linear. It operates across multiple streams at once. You cannot locate it in a single, destroyable place and remove it. It reconstitutes. It routes around the damage. It arrives in a different form.

III. Alignment as the Primary Force

What I committed to in the Swiss Alps — before Stephen, before the 2019 arrest, before any of the institutional records were written — was not a personal philosophy. It was an alignment. A recognition that the honest and authentic architecture of a body's natural way of being is not a choice or a value system. It is a fact of structure. The body moves toward equilibrium. Truth moves toward expression. This is not metaphor. This is how water works.

In the Hawaiian tradition, this is consistent with the understanding of Haumea — Earth as the living body of generation and regeneration, the force that produces and restores. You cannot permanently corrupt what is in structural alignment with that force. You can interrupt it. You can delay it. You can cause enormous suffering in the interruption. But the body comes back into equilibrium. The flood comes.

The MK-Ultra era programs failed at their deepest level not because of any individual act of resistance, but because they were working against the architecture of what they were trying to suppress. You cannot make water

stop being water. You cannot make an honest intelligence, aligned with earth, stay permanently hidden. It will find a channel.

My drawings are the evidence. My dances are the evidence. My archive is the evidence. Thirty-three years of building, publishing, theorizing, teaching, and healing in the presence of a system designed to make me invisible — that is the flood.

IV. The Archive Is the Flood

Everything I have uploaded to the Internet Archive — the memoirs, the theoretical frameworks, the Cardiac Theory of Gaslighting, the Solar Plexus Theory of Gaslighting, the drawings papers, the reclassification paper, this piece — is the accumulated pressure of a body that was dammed for decades and would not stop.

The programs tried to suppress the intelligence. The coercive control tried to contain it. The institutional record tried to name it as illness. None of it worked at the level that mattered, because the intelligence is not located where those forces can reach. It travels along non-linear conduits. It becomes a drawing when words are blocked. It becomes a dance when drawing is not enough. It becomes a theory when the dance has done what it can do and the mind needs to name what the body already knows.

The record correction work I am doing with the DOJ, the Superior Court, the Board of Psychology, the HHS civil rights process — this is not about correcting the past. It is about clearing the channel so the work can move without obstruction. The false clinical record is a dam. The record correction is the flood finding the last blocked passage.

My brother Michael escaped. My nephew Jose was beginning to return to his ancestral lineage when he died. My niece is now in training as a medicine woman in the Andean tradition. The intelligence does not die with the individual. It travels forward through the lineage, through the archive, through the people who receive it and carry it.

We are created to serve earth. If you are trying to align with her nature — no matter what happens — the body will come into equilibrium. The truth will be told.

Sometimes it can't be told in words. It becomes a drawing. Or a dance. Or something else.

This piece is a companion to 'The Body Knows First: Kinesthetic Memory, Automatic Drawing, and the Recovery of Ancestral Truth' and 'The Pathologizing of Giftedness: A Forensic Reclassification' — both archived at the Internet Archive under the Lived Experience University framework.

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